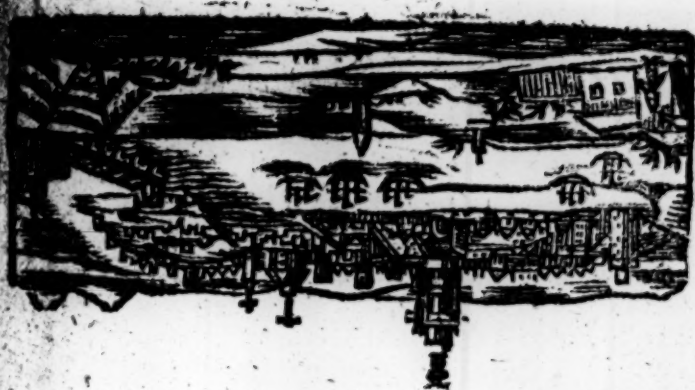




T H E  
World Turn'd Up-  
side-Down.

*A new SONG.*

I Am a poor unhappy Man,  
Troubled with worldly care,  
I grieve to hear the world complain,  
And children shed a tear :  
Provision is grown so dear,  
In every country town,  
The poor man scarce can get his bread,  
O the World's turn'd Upside-Down.

The gentlemen in former age,  
They did relieve the poor,  
They kept a noble equipage,  
And a porter at the door :  
But the Gentlemen of the present age,  
In every country town,  
At the poor's complaint fly in a rage,  
O the World's turn'd Upside-Down.

The farmers grand to markets ride,  
And to a Tavern goes,  
Come bring a pint of wine they cry,  
And a pipe to warm our nose.  
And when they are together set,  
And the glass it passes round,  
Then on the price of corn they chat,  
O the World's turn'd Upside-Down.

There is many a farmer now,  
That very rich are grown,  
Who not long since had but little  
Or nothing of his own :  
He'll not look back from whence he came  
Tho' brought up by the town,  
But strives to cheat them all he can,  
O the World's turn'd Upside-Down.

The bakers and the millers try  
Each other to outwit,  
And he that strives to cheat the most,  
The victory doth get :  
There's Belzebub, great Prince of Hell,  
To whom these slaves are bound,  
He'll call them home and scourge them  
well,  
O the World's turn'd Upside-Down.

